Price, 25 cents

The Water Melon Cure

218

THE
COMIC DRAMA

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHARLES H. SERGEL, PRESIDENT

Practical Instructions for Private Theatricals

By W. D. EMERSON

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival," "Humble Pie," etc.

Price, 25 cents

Here is a practical hand-book, describing in detail all the accessories, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

CONTENTS

Chapter I. **Introductory Remarks.**

Chapter II. **Stage, How to Make, etc.** In drawing-rooms or parlors, with sliding or hinged doors. In a single large room. The Curtain; how to attach it, and raise it, etc.

Chapter III. **Arrangement of Scenery.** How to hang it. Drapery, tormentors, wings, borders, drops.

Chapter IV. **Box Scenes.** Center door pieces, plain wings, door wings, return pieces, etc.

Chapter V. **How to Light the Stage.** Oil, gas and electric light. Footlights, Sidelights, Reflectors. How to darken the stage, etc.

Chapter VI. **Stage Effects.** Wind, Rain, Thunder, Breaking Glass, Falling Buildings, Snow, Water, Waves, Cascades, Passing Trains, Lightning, Chimes, Sound of Horses' Hoofs, Shots.

Chapter VII. **Scene Painting.**

Chapter VIII. A Word to the Property Man.

Chapter IX. To the Stage Manager.

Chapter X. The Business Manager.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Water-Melon Cure

Knock-about Farce in one Act

BY

C. WOLCOTT RUSSELL

CHICAGO

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

PS635
.Z9R942

CHARACTERS.

DR. MORPHEUS JONES, hypnotist. [*Heavy black beard, a la Svengali.*]
DR. EDISON JONES, gives electrical treatments. [*Smooth face.*]
DR. PERCY ALGERNON JONES, a faddist. [*Dude. Blonde wig and whiskers.*]
DR. MULDOON JONES, exercise specialist. [*Red wig and whiskers.*]
DR. MARY ELLEN JONES, surgeon, [*Young or old—any make-up.*]
UNDERTAKER JONES. [*Very pale, black clothes and a high hat.*]
MR. O. K. BLUFF, who took the cure.
DINAH, a colored lady who wanted the cure.

[Sketch may be played by three or eight persons. Admirable chance for quick change artist.]

Copyright, 1912, by the Dramatic Publishing Company.

Notice.—The professional acting rights of this play are reserved by the publishers, from whom written permission must be obtained before performance. All persons giving unauthorized productions will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. This notice does not apply to amateurs, who may perform the play without permission.

TMP96-007119

©CLD 31845

THE WATER-MELON CURE

SCENE.—*An apartment in an uptown flat, Central Park West.* D. F. L. *Interior backing. Window flat* R. *Door 3* R. *Fire-place up center. Telephone* R. *2. Lounge dead center between 2 and 3. Screen* L. *2. Fancy furniture. Desk* L. *Sealed letter on desk. Half-pint flask of brandy on mantel. Electric bell outside* D. F. L. *Several bottles on mantel, one labeled POISON. At the head of the lounge is a small table; on table is a large plate with half a water-melon and a knife.*

[*Discovered at rise*—MR. BLUFF *seated on sofa eating water-melon. Bluff is about to put melon to his mouth, seems to have a sudden pain, puts melon on plate, places hand on stomach, looks sick, rings bell, falls on lounge and rolls over in pain. Enter* DINAH D. R. *3, stands looking at him, her sleeves are rolled up, hands and arms covered with dough and flour.*]

DIN. What you want?

BLUFF. [*Groans.*] Where's my wife?

DIN. She am done gone to de meeting of de Society for de prevention of cruelty to automobile shovers.

BLUFF. Dinah, I am not feeling well——

DIN. Dere ain't nobody can't eat half of a big water-melon and expect to feel scandinatious—

BLUFF. [*Shrieks; puts hand to stomach and jumps up. Dinah jumps.*] Air! give me air!

DIN. Seems to me I needs a little atmosphere myself.

BLUFF. What shall I do?

DIN. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills!

BLUFF. [*Takes Dinah by arm.*] Dinah, I think I am dying——

DIN. Say, Boss; don't you die before you pays me my wages——

BLUFF. [*Sinks on lounge.*] Call a Doctor——

DIN. Which doctor will I call?

BLUFF. Jones—call Dr. Jones——

DIN. [*Goes to telephone, glues her ear to transmitter, and tries to talk through the receiver.*]

BLUFF. Not that way, you fool!

DIN. [*Shouts in telephone.*] Not that way, you fool.

BLUFF. No, no! Put that to your ear and talk through the other.

DIN. [*Shifts the receiver to her ear and talks through the transmitter.*] Dat you, Central? Yes, dat's me, Dinah, de cook. Dis am Mr. Bluff's, 46 Central Park West. Give me Dr. Jones. [*Listens.*] Which one? How many is deh? [*Bluff groans.*] Twenty-three? Well, send them all! He am sick all over! [*Bluff has been reading letter and shaking his head.*]

BLUFF. Is he coming?

DIN. Dey am all coming—twenty-three of 'em.

BLUFF. Why did you call them all?

DIN. Dere ain't no one doctor goin' to cure you. When a man eats half a water-melon at one and the same time he done need a consultation. [*Noise of carriage wheels and horse outside as though carriage was being driven rapidly.*] He am comin'. [*Carriage stops and front door bell rings. Dinah goes to* D. F. L. *Enter* DR. MORPHEUS JONES, D. F. L. *and stands gazing fixedly at Dinah.*] What's the matter with you, man? I ain't sick!

DR. M. J. I am Dr. Morpheus Jones. I called to see Mr. Bluff.

DIN. [*Points to Bluff.*] Dere's de bluff. [*Doctor feels pulse.*]

BLUFF. I think I am dying!

DR. M. J. [*Points to melon.*] Where did that cholera-morbus inducer come from?

DIN. [*As* DR. JONES *glares at her she backs away.*] You can search me, I ain't had none—no such luck!

DR. M. J. [*To* BLUFF.] You need rest—sleep—a week at least. You're in luck, my boy, for I am the one who can put you to sleep. In me behold the renowned Hypnotist, Dr. Morpheus Jones! Now, just look me in the eye. A few passes and you will sleep. And no one but myself can wake you!

BLUFF. Suppose *you* die meanwhile?

DR. M. J. Then you would never wake again.

BLUFF. You make me nervous. Try it on Dinah—she's a sleepy-head anyway.

DIN. I can't go to sleep—I ain't made my bread yet.

DR. M. J. [*Aside to Dinah.*] We must humor him. Unless he sleeps within fifteen minutes he will be a raving maniac.

DIN. Just five minutes, then! I can't spare no more time!

DR. M. J. Very well! Now watch my eye steadily. [*Fixes his eye on her as she tries to look away.*]

DIN. Say, man, you has a wicked eye! [*He makes two or three passes.*] You ain't trying to flirt with me? [*He makes more passes.*]

DR. M. J. Now you must go to sleep.

DIN. [*Sleepily.*] When he done make dem goo-goo eyes. [*Sleeps.*]

DR. M. J. Now sit down. [*She sits* R.] You are going to play the piano. [*She gets ready to play the piano.*] Play us "The Last Rose of Summer." [*Piano plays it and she goes through the motions dreamily.*] Now, then, a little rag-time. [*Piano plays rag-time and she pounds away for dear life.*] Don't break the piano. [BLUFF *has been watching.*] Now, then, embrace your husband. [*She hugs* BLUFF, *who tries to get away. Doctor wakes her up, still hugging* BLUFF. *She looks around as if dazed. Marks of flour on* BLUFF'S *coat.*]

DIN. What you huggin' me for? Your wife ain't gone ten minutes afore you is huggin' another woman. I'se gwine to leave dis place.

BLUFF. The doctor did it, Dinah, when he put you to sleep. [*Rushes off* R.]

DIN. He did, eh? Well, I done put him to sleep. [*Enter* BLUFF *with razor, shouting. Dinah gets under table. After funny bus. Doctor runs out* C. D. BLUFF *goes to mantel, drinks the contents of another bottle and sinks on lounge. Dinah rushes to telephone and shouts.*] Say, you, Mr. Center, am dat you? We don't want no more doctors. What we wants is de police. [*Bell rings, Dinah goes out* D. F. C. *and comes back quickly with* DR. EDISON JONES. *He carries a small electric battery.*]

DR. E. J. My name is Dr. Edison Jones. I came to attend a Mr. Bluff——

DIN. Dr. Morpheus Jones am just gone—

DR. E. J. Oh, another Jones!

DIN. De fust one out of twenty-three—you am number two. De fust one he make goo-goo eyes and throw him hands like this—

DR. E. J. Calls himself a hypnotist doesn't he? He's a fraud. [BLUFF *jumps up, brandishing razor. Dinah dives under table* R. *Doctor dodges.* BLUFF *gets one side of the table and doctor on the other. They glare at each other.*] My dear sir, you are exciting yourself without cause——

DIN. Dere am others excited, too!

BLUFF. Without cause. Wife gone to the meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobile Chauffeurs. [*Looks around.*] Cook gone.

DIN. I wish to de lawd I was.

DR. E. J. My dear sir, be calm. It is possible to get another wife—and if you have great luck—another cook.

BLUFF. I didn't think of that——

DIN. And dat am a mighty sharp razor. I knows, for I done cut my corns with it this morning.

DR. E. J. Now let me have that razor, and we will soon restore you to your normal condition.

DIN. It will be a month afore I recovers my jurisprudence. [*With much reluctance* BLUFF *hands doctor the razor. Doctor leads him to lounge and feels his pulse.*]

DR. E. J. Pulse weak! [*Listens to his heart.*] Heart beats scarcely forty-four to the minute.

DIN. Reckon mine done beat four hundred and forty-four.

Dr. E. J. We will restore the normal pulsation.

DIN. Better take some of mine——

Dr. E. J. And thus avoid a possible extended aneurism of the aorta——

DIN. I knowed he had something he hadn't oughter. [*Comes out from table.*]

DR. E. J. Now, this is what we call a complex galvanic battery.

DIN. Looks like an infernal machine——

DR. E. J. This little machine cost me three hundred dollars.

DIN. [*Looks at it very critically. Then aside to herself.*] I think that man am aggravating the truth. I seen one like that in the ten-cent store.

DR. E. J. It will relieve you in fifteen minutes——

BLUFF. Better try it on Dinah first——

DIN. Dat's right! try it on the dawg! I'se the dawg!

DR. E. J. [*To* DINAH.] We must humor him—his very life depends on my counter-acting the effects of his late excitement.

DIN. Where do I come in? I'se had excitement enough to kill a mule.

DR. E. J. A little of this won't hurt you, Dinah—your nerves need quieting. [*Offers handles that are attached to the wires.*]

DIN. [*Hesitates—examines them very cautiously.*] Dere ain't no sleep business in this?

DR. E. J. Quite the contrary. It will keep you very much awake.

DIN. [*Takes handles, one at a time.*] No fool business, now! You hear me?

DR. E. J. This is the wonder of the age. [*Turns current on a little.*] How's that?

DIN. Feels like I had the nettle rash.

DR. E. J. [*Turns current on a little more.*] Now, how do you feel?

DIN. Jest as if a lot ob little bugs was creepin' ober me.

DR. E. J. [*Turns on more.*] Now, how is it?

DIN. Reckon dem bugs am beginnin' to bite. [*He turns on more. Dinah squirms a little.*] Say, man, dere must be a million of dem bugs.

DR. E. J. Now let go. [*She squirms a little.*]

DIN. Can't do it. [*Doctor turns off current. Dinah drops handles.*]

DR. E. J. How do you like it?

DIN. Dat may be all right as far as it goes, but I don't want it to go no furder. [*Examines her hands, scratches her back, etc.*]

DR. E. J. [*To* BLUFF.] There, my dear sir, you see

there is positively no harm in it. [BLUFF *takes handles gingerly and doctor turns on current.*] How do you like it?

BLUFF. Not bad.

DIN. [*To doctor.*] Give him plenty of de bugs, Doctor, and drive de craziness out of him. [*Doctor turns on current a little more.*]

BLUFF. [*Squirming a little.*] Easy, Doctor. Do you think it's all right for a weak heart?

DR. E. J. It has been known to cure a person in the last stages of omne ignotum pro magnifico.

DIN. I wonder if dat am good for de hives?

BLUFF. Wonderful!

DIN. Say, mister, am dat good for de razor habit?

DR. E. J. Now, then, brace yourself—just one sharp application and you are cured. [*Puts on full strength.* BLUFF *jumps sky-high—yells.*]

BLUFF. Let go!

DIN. [*Jumps as* BLUFF *yells and makes for the table but does not get under it.*] He am crazy again!

BLUFF. [*Still jumping.*] Take it off! [*Doctor tries to but finds machine is broken.*]

DR. E. J. Just a moment. [*Looks at machine.*] Great Scott, I can't, the moderator is broken!

BLUFF. What!

DR. E. J. You must help yourself.

BLUFF. You are trying to kill me. [*Jumps at doctor takes machine with him, kicks doctor off* D. F. L. *Shortly after, noise of horse driving rapidly away.*] Dinah! Dinah! Save me! [*Rushes to her, all the time squirming.*]

DIN. I don't want your old bugs.

BLUFF. Dinah, don't let me die like a dog. HELP! HELP!

DIN. You holler like dat you'll be arrested. [*Helps him and finally gets one handle away, holds it in her left hand. This, of course, stops the current.*]

BLUFF. God bless you, Dinah! You have saved my life, I—— [*Holds handle in his left hand and shakes hands with* DINAH *with his right. As soon as their hands touch, this re-establishes the current and they both begin to jump. After a lot of funny business they manage to*

break away. She sinks on chair. He goes to mantel and drains another bottle, then falls on lounge.]

DIN. I aint never goin' to shake hands again as long as I live. [*Noise of carriage coming on the run.*] Another Jones. [*Carriage stops, bell rings. Dinah goes out* D. F. C. *and returns with* DR. PERCY JONES. *He places hat carefully on chair up stage. He carries a small valise.*]

DR. P. J. Pardon me, am I correct in surmising that this is the apartment of Mr. O. K. Bluff?

DIN. I don't know about your sun rising, but Mr. Bluff lives here—when he's at home.

DR. P. J. I am deeply grateful for the information.

DIN. Your salubrity am contagious. [*Bows.*]

DR. P. J. I am Dr. Percy Algernon Jones.

DIN. [*Aside.*] Dat name sounds like a pink tea. [*Looks curiously at valise.*] Say, Mr. Too-sweet-to-live, any bugs in dar?

DR. P. J. Good gracious, no! The sight of a bug makes me scream.

DIN. Oh, slush! Say, Mister Man, the last doctor was here had bugs in his lunch-box. [*Points to battery on floor.*]

DR. P. J. I see, a battery—a regular fraud—used only by unskilled physicians. Nothing in it I assure you.

DIN. Don't you believe there ain't nothin' in it. Just you take hold of dat skipping rope with both hands.

DR. P. J. I understand. [*Crosses to* BLUFF, *who does not move, feels his pulse and listens to his heart.*] My dear sir, you must not give way, rouse yourself. I know what's the matter; you have been eating too heartily.

DIN. He done eat half a water-melon all by hisself.

DR. P. J. I shall diet you. Oh, you will like my system —it is just too lovely for anything.

DIN. Dat ain't no doctor; dat's one of dem female impersonators.

DR. P. J. [*Takes out tablet and writes.*] For breakfast one dozen marsh-mallows and a wine-glassful of morning dew.

DIN. And one bottle of dypepsia tablets.

DR. P. J. For dinner, something more substantial—for

dinner, three pigeon eggs toasted on one side, served with five drops of diluted snow-flakes.

DIN. Where you going to get snow-flakes in July? Dat man has bugs, too.

DR. P. J. For supper——

DIN. He won't need no supper!

DR. P. J. For supper, half a cup of goat's milk and one frog's leg breaded.

DIN. Starvation done stare him in the face.

BLUFF. How long do I keep this up, Doctor?

DR. P. J. [*Hands him prescription.*] Three months; ten dollars, please. [BLUFF *hands him the money and doctor moves to door* C, *very jauntily, opens it and stands there.*] And please—please do be careful and wear nothing but Nile Green Socks after sun-down——

DIN. Go way, you sassy thing. [*Throws sofa pillow at him—or book.*] [*Doctor exits quickly. Dinah goes to door walking like doctor, picks up pillow and places it where she took it from.*]

BLUFF. [*Reads.*] For breakfast, one dozen marshmallows.

DIN. [*Imitates doctor.*] And a wine glassful of morning dew.

BLUFF. Dinner, three pigeon's eggs toasted on one side.

DIN. And five drops of diluted snow-flakes. Don't forget de snow-flakes, boss.

BLUFF. Supper——

DIN. Dat's where you live.

BLUFF. Supper, half a cup of goat's milk and one frog's leg breaded. Good Lord, if I kept that up for three months I'd be——

DIN. Barnum's living skeleton.

BLUFF. [*Throws prescription on ground.*] Rats, I'll cure myself. [*Takes whiskey bottle from mantel, pours out big drink.*] There. [*Places bottle back.*] Now I feel like a new man. [*Sits on lounge. Dinah goes up to mantel and takes whiskey bottle.*]

DIN. I feels kind o' shaky myself. [*Takes a big drink, places bottle back.*] Dere, I feels like a new woman. [*Sounds of carriage coming quickly.* BLUFF *throws up his*

hands.] Another Jones. [*Carriage stops, bell rings. Dinah opens* D. F. L. *Enter* DR. MULDOON JONES.]

DR. MUL. J. Mr. Bluff live here?

DIN. Dere's de bluff. [*Points to lounge. Doctor has brought with him two big dumb bells and two pair of boxing gloves. Now puts them down and crosses to* BLUFF. *Sees prescription lying on floor.*]

DR. MUL. J. Ha-ha! What's this?

DIN. Dat's de bill of fare for de next three months.

DR. MUL. J. Where did you get it?

DIN. From Dr. Percy Algernon Jones—he jest went through dat door—with ten dollars.

DR. MUL. J. That dude! He has rats in his garret. [*Crosses to* BLUFF *and feels his pulse.*] Now let me see your tongue. I knew it. You have been starving yourself. Verbum sat sapienti. Lack of nutrition is what ails you. I'll put you to rights in the twinkling of a buzz saw. [*Takes out pad and writes.*] Breakfast——

DIN. One dozen marshmallows. [*Doctor looks at her.*]

DR. MUL. J. Breakfast, one dozen eggs assorted, half a peck of potatoes and two quarts of milk.

DIN. Here's where *we* live.

DR. MUL. J. Dinner, two thick sirloin steaks. [DINAH *smacks her lips.*] Not more than three pounds each, half a peck of potatoes and one quart of lima beans. Wash down with half pint of whiskey.

DIN. Say, man, can't you throw in a little nigger gin?

DR. MUL. J. Supper, one dozen—or not more than a dozen and a half—medium sized mutton chops, one quart French peas, potatoes to suit, one-half pint of whiskey.

DIN. And don't forget the snow-flakes.

DR. MUL. J. [*Hands prescription to* BLUFF.] There you are, sir. Three months of that diet and you'll be——

DIN. Dead broke. [*Doctor looks at her.*]

DR. MUL. J. You will be fit to fight Fitzsimmons. [*Takes off coat, shows big muscle.*]

DIN. Dat's all right, but who am going to pay the butcher bills?

DR. MUL. J. But you need exercise—chest and arms. Now, here we are. [*Picks up dumbbell and lifts it above head. Dinah tries to lift the other and falls all over her-*

self. Doctor hands dumbbell to BLUFF, *who cannot lift it over his head.*] Oh, well, I'll send you over a lighter one to begin with. [*Feels* BLUFF'S *arm.*]

DR. MUL. J. As I thought, muscles flabby, no strength at all. [*Hands* BLUFF *boxing gloves.*] Here put on a pair of these and let me limber you up. [*They spar.* BLUFF *is very bad at first, can scarcely stand, but after the doctor knocks him down twice he gets up and gives the doctor an awful beating and finally knocks him out Doctor lies very still.* BLUFF *looks at him for a moment, then has another pain, takes off gloves, throws them down, rushes to mantel, swallows contents of bottle and falls on lounge. Meanwhile* DIN. *has been putting on gloves, and while she is doing this the doctor sits up, puts hand to head, looks dazed.*]

DIN. Muscles flabby, ain't got no strength. [*Gives a vicious swing just as doctor rises, hits him a whack and down he goes again.*] Muscles flabby, aint got no strength. [*Laughs. Doctor has again risen.* DINAH *squares off.*] Come right along, Mr. Jeffries, mah name is Johnson. [*She goes for him. He tries to fight, but she finally knocks him out of* C. D.] Muscles flabby, ain't got no strength. [*Squares off.*] If I only had him here—dat Morpheus man—what put me to sleep. [*Does an upper-cut and falls flat. Sits up and takes off gloves.*] Reckon I done need a little practice. [*Gets up and hides gloves.*]

BLUFF. [*Rises.*] Oh, this pain is awful. It is driving me mad. [*Walks up and down. Dinah slyly picks up razor.*]

DIN. Yes, sah; and if you finds dis yar razor dere will be no cook. Crazy people always kills dere best friend. [*Pulls up her dress, shows a little of barber-pole stockings, then turns her back to audience and hides razor in stocking.*]

BLUFF. [*Shouts.*] Dinah! [*She jumps.* BLUFF *strides towards her. She backs away.*] Dinah, I think I'm going mad.

DIN. Yes, sah; and I don't think you got very far to go.

BLUFF. Where is my razor? [*Honk of auto outside.*]

DIN. Razor; why, man, you nebber had no razor. [*Bell rings. Dinah goes out* D. F. L. *and returns with* DR. MARY

ELLEN JONES. *She carries a fair-sized saw, a hammer, and a long knife.* BLUFF *looks at her a moment and then sneaks off* D. R. *3.*]

DR. M. E. J. Mr. O. K. Bluff here?

DIN. He was here a moment ago. Excuse me, am you de butcher?

DR. M. E. J. I am Dr. Mary Ellen Jones.

DIN. [*Aside.*] I don't like de looks of dat knife. [*Tries to pass doctor.*]

DR. M. E. J. One moment. [*Waves knife.*]

DIN. [*Backs away.*] Certainly; anything to oblige—especially when you can't help yourself.

DR. M. E. J. Call your master.

DIN. He am takin' a bath.

DR. M. E. J. What kind of bath—Turkish?

DIN. No, Moorish.

DR. M. E. J. A sick man taking a bath!

DIN. Doctor's orders.

DR. M. E. J. What doctor?

DIN. Dr. Muldoon Jones.

DR. M. E. J. That fool—that idiot—why he lost four patients last week. In twenty years I have never lost a case.

DIN. Dere ain't no case could ever get away from dat carving-knife.

DR. M. E. J. Call your master.

DIN. He am in de bath.

DR. M. E. J. You must call him, even though he be in Hades.

DIN. [*Backs away.*] Yes, ma'am. [*Aside.*] Dat sounds like Hell.

DR. M. E. J. Call him, I say. [*Enter* BLUFF D. R. *3, carrying pistol.*]

BLUFF. Who are you?

DIN. Jones Number five.

DR. M. E. J. I am Dr. Mary Ellen Jones. [*Fixes eye on him.*]

BLUFF. A doctor! bah! You cannot minister to a mind diseased.

DR. M. E. J. I knew it; I was sure of it.

DIN. So was de rest.

DR. M. E. J. You are suffering from exaggerated inflammation of the vermiform appendix.

DIN. In other words, you has been swallowing tacks.

BLUFF. Is it fatal?

DR. M. E. J. Without my aid you will never live to see tomorrow's sun.

DIN. Specially if it rains.

DR. M. E. J. It will be necessary for you to submit to the removal of the cul de sac.

DIN. She done go make Hamburg steak of him.

DR. M. E. J. A few whiffs of chloroform, and this [*Holds up knife.*] dexterously handled and your troubles will be at an end.

DIN. [*Aside.*] Likewise your life.

DR. M. E. J. Are you prepared?

BLUFF. For what?

DIN. To die.

DR. M. E. J. For the operation. [*Begins to sharpen knife on grindstone.*]

DIN. Now for dat pound of steak.

DR. M. E. J. [*Approaches* BLUFF. BLUFF *fires and knocks knife from her hand. Dinah gets under table. Doctor now picks up saw and advances on* BLUFF, *who fires again and knocks saw from her hand. Doctor stoops to pick up hammer.* BLUFF *fires and knocks off her wig, leaving her bald. She grabs wig, and with a yell, runs off* D. F. L. BLUFF *watches her off, then places hand on stomach, drops pistol, rushes to mantel, seizes bottle, drains contents, looks at bottle, sees it is labeled poison, shrieks "Poison," drops bottle, falls on lounge, kicks a few times, and then dies. Dinah has funny business coming out from under table, picks up pistol, goes over and looks at* BLUFF, *feels his pulse, listens to see if his heart beats, shakes her head, rushes to telephone.*]

DIN. Hello, Central; give me Heaven! No, no; call up Jones, the undertaker. Tell him to come at once—or sooner—to 46 Central Park West. Bluff—Mr. O. K. Bluff. [*Goes back to* BLUFF, *feels pulse, listens to heart, folds his hands on his breast, kisses him on forehead and wipes her eyes. Bell rings. She exits* D. F. L. *and returns at once*

with undertaker. He is dressed in black, has a high hat and carries a valise.]

UND. Mr. Bluff live here?

DIN. Yes, sah. Dat is he did live here.

UND. Where is he now?

DIN. How do you suppose I can tell where he is?

UND. Can I see the remains?

DIN. Yes, sah. Dat's what's left of him. [*Points to lounge. Undertaker places valise way down* R., *then crosses and looks at* BLUFF.]

UND. Did he die a natural death?

DIN. Well, it was puffectly natural he should die under the circumstances. It ain't right to monkey with half a water-melon. [*Undertaker stoops to brush some dust from* BLUFF *and* BLUFF *hits him a whack on the head.*]

DIN. Dat's funny.

UND. Not at all. It is a common occurrence. We call it spasmodic contraction of the pazzaza nerve.

DIN. Yes, sah; he had the nerve all right. [*Undertaker moves one of* BLUFF'S *legs and* BLUFF *kicks him with the other.*] Dere goes another nerve. [*Undertaker searches his pockets.*] What you going do, write a prescription? Tain't no use, de man's dead. [*Places screen in front of* BLUFF.]

UND. I am looking for my measure.

DIN. What you going do, measure him for a suit of clothes?

UND. Let me see, I might have left it in my valise. [*Goes to valise.*]

DIN. [*Moves as though to look at* BLUFF.] It ain't no use, I can't stand to look at him. [*Pause as though going to cry.*] He am dat homely. Undertaker Jones. Everybody named Jones. Poor old Bluff, he won't bluff no more. [*Down* L. *Cries. Meanwhile undertaker has searched valise and pockets and finally found measure around his neck. Absent mindedly he goes over and starts to measure* DINAH. *She jumps away.*] What you doing man? I ain't dead yet. [*Undertaker moves solemnly up to screen and removes it. As he does so* BLUFF *is seen sitting up with the water-melon in his lap and eating it. Undertaker looks horrified and makes a dive through win-*

dow. Crash of glass is heard. Dinah dives under table and watches BLUFF *from under table. Bluff slowly turns eyes and looks at her while he continues to eat melon.*]

CURTAIN

Note.—Where it is possible substitute the following climax. As screen is removed Bluff is seen with a long white night-robe on, two white wings attached to his shoulders and the water-melon clasped in his hands, as though he were moving upwards.

Hageman's Make-Up Book

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

Price, 25 cents

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopedia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the **best make-up book** ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor.

CONTENTS

Chapter I. **General Remarks.**

Chapter II. **Grease-Paints, their origin, components and use.**

Chapter III. **The Make-up Box.** Grease-Paints, Mirrors, Face Powder and Puff, Exora Cream, Rouge, Liquid Color, Grenadine, Blue for the Eyelids, Brilliantine for the Hair, Nose Putty, Wig Paste, Mascaro, Crape Hair, Spirit Gum, Scissors, Artists' Stomps, Cold Cream, Cocoa Butter, Recipes for Cold Cream.

Chapter IV. **Preliminaries before Making up; the Straight Make-up and how to remove it.**

Chapter V. **Remarks to Ladies.** Liquid Creams, Rouge, Lips, Eyebrows, Eyelashes, Character Roles, Jewelry, Removing Make-up.

Chapter VI. **Juveniles.** Straight Juvenile Make-up, Society Men, Young Men in Ill Health, with Red Wigs, Rococo Make-up, Hands, Wrists, Cheeks, etc.

Chapter VII. **Adults, Middle Aged and Old Men.** Ordinary Type of Manhood, Lining Colors, Wrinkles, Rouge, Sickly and Healthy Old Age, Ruddy Complexions.

Chapter VIII. **Comedy and Character Make-ups.** Comedy Effects, Wigs, Beards, Eyebrows, Noses, Lips, Pallor of Death.

Chapter IX. **The Human Features.** The Mouth and Lips, the Eyes and Eyelids, the Nose, the Chin, the Ear, the Teeth.

Chapter X. **Other Exposed Parts of the Human Anatomy.**

Chapter XI. **Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Eyebrows.** Choosing a Wig, Powdering the Hair, Dimensions for Wigs, Wig Bands, Bald Wigs, Ladies' Wigs, Beards on Wire, on Gauze, Crape Hair, Wool, Beards for Tramps, Moustaches, Eyebrows.

Chapter XII. **Distinctive and Traditional Characteristics.** North American Indians, New England Farmers, Hoosiers, Southerners, Politicians, Cowboys, Minors, Quakers, Tramps, Creoles, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Octoroons, Negroes, Soldiers during War, Soldiers during Peace, Scouts, Pathfinders, Puritans, Early Dutch Settlers, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, South Americans, Scandinavians, Germans, Hollanders, Hungarians, Ginsies, Russians, Turks, Arabs, Moors, Caffirs, Abyssinians, Hindoos, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Clowns and Statuary, Hebrews, Drunkards, Lunatics, Idiots, Misers, Rogues.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PLAYS

And Entertainment Books.

BEING the largest theatrical booksellers in the United States, we keep in stock the most complete and best assorted lines of plays and entertainment books to be found anywhere.

We can supply any play or book published. We have issued a catalogue of the best plays and entertainment books published in America and England. It contains a full description of each play, giving number of characters, time of playing, scenery, costumes, etc. This catalogue will be sent free on application.

The plays described are suitable for amateurs and professionals, and nearly all of them may be played free of royalty. Persons interested in dramatic books should examine our catalogue before ordering elsewhere.

We also carry a full line of grease paints, face powders, hair goods, and other "make-up" materials.

The Dramatic Publishing Company
CHICAGO